Ægloga Duodecima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan. wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing hys youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His manhoode to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused througbe a Comet or blasinge starre, by which he meaneth loue, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an vnseasonable harueste wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.

THe gentle shepheard satte beside a spринge,
All in the shadowe of a bushye bxere,
That *Colin* highe, which wel could pype and singe,
Foꝛ he of *Tityrus* his songs did lere.
There as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone.

O soueraigne *Pan* thou God of sheph
Which of our tender Lambkins take
And when our flocks into mischaunce
Doest saue from mischiefe the vnwar
Als of their maisters hast no lesse
Then of the flocks, which thou do

I thee beseche (so be thou deigne to
Rude ditties tund to shepheards Da
Oꝛ if I euer sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fa
Hearken awhile from thy greene
The rurall song of carefull Colin

Whilome in youth, when flowꝛd my
Like Swallow swift I wandꝛed her
Foꝛ heate of heedlesse lust me so did
That I of doubted daunger had no
I went the wastefull woodes and
Withouten dꝛeade of Wolues to

I wont to raunge amydde the mazie
And gather nuttes to make me Chꝛ
And toyed oft to chace the trembling
Oꝛ hunt the hartlesse hare, til shee w
What weaked I of wintrye ages
Tho deemed I, my spꝛing would

How often haue I scaled the craggie
All to dislodge the Rauen of her nes
Howe haue I wearied with many a
The stately Walnut tree, the while
Under the tree fell all foꝛ nuts at
Foꝛ ylike to me was libertee and

And foꝛ I was in thilke same looser
(Whether the Muse, so wꝛought m
Oꝛ I tomuch beleeued my shepherd
Somedele ybent to song and musick